UNCLE HOKE.

The Clever Ruse Adopted by a Desperate Husband.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.



lsham G. Hicks, letter he was read-

Mrs. Hicks. She spoke with anidearing "darling,"

fault. And, as he caught the look, the pleased

he, too, looked guilty. Why, Uncle Hoke Bradshaw writes that he

him. How good he was to us!" "Good? Why, Uncle Hoke is the best old | your wishes, and "kindly, and to the point. I was feeling preity | tear the house down about our cars." well discouraged then, dear, and his letter was like a burst of sunsnine.

"Stay where you are,' he wrote. 'An architect has no business out here in the cattle | smokes? country. Stay right where you are and hustie. That little wife of yours is pure gold," (He

HOKE BRADSHAW. " Yours truly. Don't say a word about thanks. I'll come and | duce this savage into your home."

see you when I get time.' Bless his kinducss!" added Isham G. Micks. "That 'little draft,' as he called it, the relationship." was for \$700, and how bright it made the world

will," returned her bushaud. "I wish we could install him in the south "Of course. It is the most pleasant room in | G. decidedly crestfallen.

But, dear, you know mamma thinks of mov-Into it next week, and so "---

"I'll order my new suit to-day," he said, presently. "And you may "--Mr. Hicks stopped as suddenly as if he had his mind. By the time he reached the office Dimmick indersed him. been a criminal on the eve of detection. And he had perfected it.

Mrs. Dimmick, his mother-in-law, entered the to descend from her chamber above. "Good morning, Mrs. Dimmick," Mr. Hicks said, almost humbly. "A very bright and he said.

pleasant morning." "Humph!" returned the lady thus saluted. a new suit, Mr. Hicks?"

"1-1-you sec-1"---"Now, do not deny it, Mr. Hicks," inter- | Voice bellowed "Whon!" rupted Mrs. Dimmick, sternly, "for I heard you seem to imagine."

"But, Mrs. Dimmick," expostulated poor "Do not try to gloss over your faults, Mr. Hicks!" liicks. You can make no possible excuse for you can do is not to order that suit, and next | the eye that was turned from the ladies. time when you are tempted to throw away your money think twice before plunging into needless and wasteful expenditures."

Hicks. Little Mrs. Hicks looked distressed. "Here is your tea, mamma," she said gently, passing the dainty china cup, from which rose | room. a faint aromatic odor. "I hope you will like It. It is a different variety from that we have been using. We like it better than black tea." "Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Dimmick, in of the ball and clumped into the dining room what, if the ejaculator had been a man, would | with his hat on, have been a contemptuous snort, "I do not! Black tea is the only kind fit to drink. You Isham. know very well, Constance, that I cannot bear

and have black tea at luncheon," Little Mrs. Hicks sighed softly, and Isham

at appearing comfortable. Islam G. Hicks was a slender, mild-appearing, light-haired young man, with inoffensive | hourse and plainly audible whisper, Constance Dimmick in direct opposition to the | presented him. wishes of her mother, who desired her to wed a man of more substance and brighter pros-

Constance was a flower-faced little thing, who had probably for the first time in her life had defied all opposition and wedded young even if I do say it. Har, Ish?" Hicks, who, at that time, possessed little more than his recently-nequired technical skill and an abandaune of hope.

stance to the fund for ameliorating the condi- | choking himself twice. tion of sundry nominally wretched but really the Pacific.

kept very, very clean and neat, and drew plans | wentily glaring solecism, of villas picturesque and cottages comfortable, and wondered hungrily how long would be in | mick?" instructed Mr. Bradshaw, with his coming the happy time when he could plan and | mouth full. see grow to perfection his own gem of a ccitage whose little queen would be the patient, loving girl who now waited in the tiniest of rented | dead ?"

He was industrious and painstaking, but he ful share of fame and fortune. And so he drew | goes. Haw! haw!" and planned and walted day after day for the

hopes seemed farther and farther away. If the flare up! That's jest a sayin' uv mine. I didn't world had had half the faith in him and his mean nuth'n' personal. Say, Ish, d'ever tell skill that the little woman possessed, the gem | you about that that bangin' scrape that hap. | come of some rascally plot. of a cottage would soon have been a reality, pened about a year ago?" But he knew not how to command its atten- But Mrs. Dimmick had muttered some ex-

tion long enough to win its appreciation. ago laded to blue, the young man wrote to his that afternoon during an interval when Uncle | "I suppose so. The old lady was a terror, only living relative, Hoke Bradshaw, whom he | Hoke had taken himself out of the house! She | Isham! had not seen since his boyhood, but with whom | was berrifled, scandalized, she said, that Mr. he had exchanged semi-yearly letters and to Hicks should invite that rowdy, that ruffian, him he gave a plain statement of the case, ask- that savage, that monster to his home! Had

ing for nothing but advice and information. he no consideration for her, for his wife or for Was there not an opening for a young archi- himself? What-tect in some growing town in the West? And, then, the door burst open and Uncle Would Undle Holze advise him to go thitber in Hoke berst in. the expectation of winning a home and com- "Ish," he cried, "ther's the funniest dancin" petency for the little woman? And Uncle bear out that in the road that ever I seen! Hoke and answered with the brief words of Come on, Ish! Come on, Mizzus Dimmick! encouragement and the substantial draft, and | The Italian is goin' to wrastle with him right | the promise to come and see them after a away."

nnew. The darkest hour is just before dawn, hurriedly. they say. A year passed, and he was in a fair world turned from him the grimmer side of its | horror,

the days passed on. The little office was exchanged for a higger and their our. The gent of a cettage became a reality, and the little woman was imptalled

saved to repay Uncle Hoke, but he had directed

that it be held till be came. come to worse, she would not have allowed her | But--daughter and the man she had chosen to starve, But while adversity dwelt with them she extracted a deal of grim satisfaction from reflecting upon the justice of compelling the maker of a hard bed to lie therein.

But now that a small measure of prosperity had come to them, she decided to forgive. And so she came down upon the happy little nest OOD news, Connie, for an indefinite stay, one object of which was dear!" said Mr. to make a model husband of Isham G.

And now Uncle Hoke was coming, and the looking up from the news must be broken to Mrs. Dimmick. Connie doubtfully at Mrs. Dimmick, with her com-"What is it, dar- manding air and fierce beak, and wished for ling?" asked little once that he had been created a bold, had man with a huge bulk and no qualms. "We are going to have a visitor," he said

mation, and then, as with an attempt at appearing at case. "My she attered the on- Uncle Hoke Bradshaw, from the West." "Humph!" returned Mrs. Dimmick. "It she planted guiltily seems, Mr. Hicks, that you are determined to half expecting to be Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along. Have apprehended in a you no consideration for your wife, sir?"

"But this is my uncle, who was so kind to me smile faded from the face of her husband, and when I so much needed kindness, I"-"Humph! And now he proposes to make you repay him by quartering upon you for an is coming East to pay us the long-promised indefinite period, I suppose, I had thought of visit. He will probably arrive Wednesday." | begging you to invite Brother Ringling, the re-"I am very glad, dear," returned the little turned missionary, to share your hospitality for woman. "I almost feel as if I already knew a time, but it seems that you have other views," "But, Mrs. Dimmick, we were not aware of

fellow on the face of the earth, Counie! It it "And how could you expect to be, sir, when had not been for his kindness, things might you did not take the trouble to consult me? have gone very bitterly with us. I remember | Of course, this uncle of yours will bring a | him quail before the superiority of a good man. every word of his helpful letter yet-brusque, blowsy wife and a horde of riotous children to "He is a bachelor, and "-

"So much the worse! An old bachelor is synonymous with an old brute. Of course he | heard the blessed gospel of salvation, and "--"I am afraid so."

"Of course! Of course! And you very well was right, Connie!) "Give my love to the little | know I cannot bear the vile odor of tobacca, woman who knew a true man when she saw | And it is to be expected that he will behave like the uncultured savage he doubtless is, coming from the West. No doubt he wears big "P. S .- You will find a little draft in this | boots and bellows in a big voice. Ugh! Mr. which will encourage you while you hustle. Hicks, I -I am amuzed that you should intro-

But be is my uncle, and "--"You ought to be ashamed to acknowledge

"Mother!" interposed Connie, gently. "Well, he ought to be! And so you counte-"I hope mamma will like him," said little nance this plot, Constance-this conspiracy Mrs. Hicks, with an involuntary glance at the | against your mother's happiness? Well, I will show this savage that he is not welcome here! "Like him? Of course she - I hope she I warrant you I will soon set him packing." And with that Mrs. Dimmick left the table

> nir. Poor Connie looked distressed, and Isham "Never mind, dear," said the little woman, Mother is so-so penaliar."

"Rather!" returned Isham. "But there, "Yes, and so "--- And he, too, left the sen- dear heart, there are tears in your eyes! It He hissed the little woman, and was soon | customed meekness and stigmatized Mr. Bradon his way to the office. And all the way shaw as fittle better than an agent of Apollyon

"Probably he will come in time for luncheon," Sure enough, as they were in the middle of the repast, a cab whirled around the corner at

you. And, if I mistake not, you had a new a disreputable-looking grip-sack, descended, never darken his doors again.

clumping aggressively as he came. "The savage has come!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimmick, scornfully. "Your relative, Mr.

Poor little Connie almost trembled, but it your recklessness in money matters. The least | seemed as if Isham winked at vacancy with "By George!" beliewed Uncle Hoke, as Isham admitted him. "Fraid I'd be too late for grub. I'm as hungry as a coyote. Had to And the good lady placed sternly at poor bave a row with the driver uv that than hearse was made up. Well, she had been wise after disturbed, while theirs were both exhausted. before I could git any speed out uv him."

His voice was plainly audible in the dining-"Mercy!" said Mrs. Dimmick, in horror. "Grub! Ugh! The brute!" Uncle Hoke flung his grip-sack in the corner

"This is my little wife, Uncle Hoke," said

any other kind. Piense consider my wishes with an elaborate wave of his hat. "How's | Col. Ludington, the banker. your health?" Mrs. Dimmick had, so far as possible without G. looked out of the window in a futile attempt | leaving the table, turned her back on the | been admitted. "One of the most prosperous | power of the South. It was the thrust that WHILE OF

"Who's the old party, Ish?" he nsked, in a little side-whiskers and a kindly smile, who Mrs. Dimmick turned her face toward him me." had dared, when hardly at the outset of his | with a glare of unatterable coldness that ought | career as an architect, to woo and win little to have frozen him on the spot. Isham duly considerably surprised. Before either could go the Vicksburg campaign aided in this, for it

"How'dy do, mom?" saluted the guest, "You pear to be right peart for a woman uv your age. You can't be over 60?" " I am 41, sir-r-r-r!" "So?" returned Uncle Hoke, in nowise

directly opposed the stern will of her mother abashed. "Wal, you don't look much like tops, and the boots themselves were models of seems to me, is forced to the conclusion that it when, made strong by the power of love, she your daughter, who is a mighty pretty girl, Presently the guest was seated at the table, knite in hand and fork well nigh discarded, eating-no, goldling is the more morpriste. Thoreupon Mrs. Dimmick, for the time les | word to describe his performance, Buring the ing, sternly disowned her daugitter, and de- meal the visitor talked a great deal, nearly at- you of my good fortune in being called to the fore giving him battle, staless he forced it; clared her intention of bequentiding her sub- ways with his mouth full, and succeeded in Senate. Mr. Hicks. Such honors are always and, third, that it is a fair criticism to assert be every day. Some advise the use of oil in and reports which were shown Judge Knight

Mrs. Dimmick ignored him almost entirely contented heating on certain distant asies of and when he occasionally forced himself under her notice, regarded him with ley sterances, usked the visitor, Presently the future to the young couple | the effect of which seemed totally lost on Uncle looked anything but rose-hurd. Isham found | Helic. Poor Connic was almost afraid of him, that an unknown young architect, skillful but strove timidly to do her duty as hostess. though he might be, was far from being For. And, be it recorded, that Islam G., instead of Autumn with me in the West," tone's favorite. Day after day he not in the Tooking horrifled, actuarly winked at vacancy humble office he had rented, and which he when Uncle Hoke committed some more than my guest for a week at least," said the Colonel, crossed the Potomac into Virginia; and yet we

"You're a widder, I take it, Mizzus Dim. again. Ha! ha!"

"Yes, sir," in freezing tone. "Twelve years, sir."

was not a fighter-be could not take the world | around before this for a chance to put your by the throat and force it to disparge his right. | clothes in some other man's trunk, as the sayiu' "bir-r-r-r"

appreciative putronage which came, oh, so If a look could have killed, Uncle Hoke would have been slain on the spot. And as the days went by the goal of their "Haw! haw! Mizzus Dimmick, you needn't

cuse and Red. Then, finally, when the rose tipts had months | And, oh, how she did take Isham G. to task | Isham G.

Words are not potent enough to express Mrs. And Hicks took courage and began the battle | Dimwick's state of mind as she retired, rather |

way to be the conqueror in the fight against the | in the little parlor, he produced a huge and | fruits, nuts, ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, world. Nothing succeeds like success, and when | villatness looking pips, calculy loaded and lit | and hardy flowering plants, with a host of atit was found that he seemed bound to be suc- it, and began to smoke, apparently unconscious tractive novelties, such as Lovett's early strawseesiful despite its frown, the two-fored old of Mrs. Dimmick's look of mingled diagust and countenance and began to saute upon him, a "I was tellin' you about that thar hangin' tions for cultivation and management are prac-

hangin', Mizzus Dimmick?" Thereupou Mrs. Dimmick evacuated,

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

that was good to see. The money had been | afraid of this huge savage who had invaded the little home and taken it so completely, though she tried bravely not to show it. This was And then Mrs. Dimmick came down upon them | Isbam's uncle, who had been so kind to them. like the wolf on the fold. Probably had worse | and she would do her best to make him welcome.

> out under the hemlock and smoke," When they were out in the yard the guest "Isham, I ought to be kicked like a dog, and -But the old lady is a terror!" "Poor Connie," returned Isham. "But, the

"Come, Uncle Hoke," said Isham, "let's go

end justifies the means." Before three days had passed, the guest seemed to have proven himself worthy of all of Mrs. Dimmick's criticisms. His breaches of etiquet were numberless, his solecisms legion. looked pleadingly at Isham, and Isham looked | He seemed continually at war with polite society. He smoked his vile pipe when and where he pleased. He gobbled at the table.

He elevated his huge boots on the handiest hight when he occupied the parlor. He raised a wrangle with the butcher's young man and with the grocer's young man and came near assaulting both. He grossly insulted a book agent and made a tramp fly for at the open door, as if throw away your money entertaining every his life. He made himself, in short, an object

of unutterable disgust to Mrs. Dimmick. When Brother Ringling, the returned missionary, called, Mrs. Dimmick poured something of the story into the good man's sympathetic ears. Brother Ringling had had considerable experience with barbarians, and he decided to beard Uncle Hoke in his den. These Western men were usually very liberal with their money, and it might be well to call Mr. Bradshaw's attention to the awful and trouser-

less condition of the heathen. Mrs. Dimmick presented Brother Ringling to Mr. Bradshaw, who was comfortably smoking on the back porch. Now she would see missionary, from the midst of a cloud of smoke.

Brother Ringling expatiated further upon the sad condition of the heathen. Mr. Bradshaw interrupted him. Mr. Bradshaw believed the heathen was happy in his sins, and was onposed to sending high headed preachers to de- the very best of soldiers at certain times retie. Down in the back streets of their own city were little children of our own race growing up without proper food, without love or kind care, with scarcely a ray of knowledge of right and wrong. Every year poor widows died from sheer overwork and starvation. There was that every reader can see that the two essential suffering enough at hand to alleviate without wasting sympathy on the heathen, who didn't wear clothes because he didn't need 'em, and didn't miss the solace of the gospel because he

had never had it. Mr. Bradshaw further stated it as his belief that the missionaries converted more heathen and the room with her beak very high in the | to rum than they did to Christianity. "Sweep out your own dooryard, quoth Uncle "Sweep out your own dooryard, quoth Uncle Hoke, "before you waste your slobberin' sym- stroyed. This, of itself, as Prof. Hobbs shows, from ; he has the privilege of asking. Theo-

pathy on the heathen that don't need it. I did not necessarily disheaten Lee's army. No retically, he has an immense advantage, but won't give a cent!"

There came a firm step at the open door, and thither he was turning a chaotic plan over in and a fit representative of his master, and Mrs. Lee's plans as was Getty-burg; and yet, as fused to accept a proposal from a woman had Then Mr. Bradshaw calmly removed his pipe, Uncle Hoke was expected to arrive on the | thrust his head out through the pall of tobacco dining-room, where the young couple had been early train, Wednesday. Isham went to the smoke, and promised to hurl Brother Ringling feets of the battle, that made the campaign so solution of the difficulty is proved by the fact | notice has been taken of this fact in the publiwalting breakfast till it suited her convenience | station and returned to the cottage without the | headlong from the porch if he was still on it at

with the good man, and the bad man resumed An hour later Mrs. Dimmick met Isham upon "Did I hear you say something about ordering breakneck speed and elattered up to the pave his return from the office and informed him, of his fellow-soldiery." It is clear that he saw court we owe this as well as many other pretty ment. A head crowned by a villainous slouch | with icy coldness, that she would not remain | the end. His hope was all gone. He knew but was thrust out of the window, and a boarse | under the same roof with that monster another | from that moment that the Confederacy was night. She had packed her trunks, and if Mr.

Then a large, roughly-dressed man, bearing | Hicks would call a cab she would depart and suit not more than five months ago. Where roared an angry protest at the charge of the Mr. Hicks expressed polite regrets, which will such reckless extravagance land you, Mr. | driver, slammed the gate, and strode up the | were promptly interrupted. Would Mr. Hicks | have wrung from him so humiliating a con-Hicks? You should remember that you are | walk toward the cottage, his huge boots, into | call a cab? That was the only favor she would | fession. Then, what was it? Simply this: only a poor architect and not a millionaire, as the tops of which his tronsers were thrust, ask of him. He had deliberately chosen to in- The campaign into Pennsylvania had educated hold by entertaining that monster. He had chosen and must abide by his choice.

"But, Mrs. Dimmick "--cuses. There was none he could make. She crived into a false hope. But this very cam-

too late for tears now. Mrs. Dimmlek's mind | both of men and means of war were not at all all in willing her substance to the heathen. And so Mr. Hicks called a cab as requested, and Mrs. Dimmick, with her beak very high | worthless, in the air, entered the vehicle and was gone. And Uncle Hoke watched her departure from the window of his chamber above.

arms, and she sobbed on his shoulder. "There! there! little woman! I -- I"-Isham was about to make a confession when a thereafter a weak fight, but deserts his flag at "Proud to know ye, mom!" said the guest, posspous gentleman came up the walk. It was the first favorable opportunity, and never

"I understand that Senator-elect Bradshaw is your guest," the banker said, after he had We were comrades in youth, but have never | blood. All the rest of its struggles were merely met since. His note has just now reached | the flounderings of a dying victim. Analyze

to inform Uncle Hoke he presented himself. Uncle Hoke, but surprisingly transformed! His dress was a neat, well-fitting business suit, his face freshly shaven and his somewhat long | Prof. Hobbs criticizes the Federal army for ever hair smoothly brushed; his linen was immacu- allowing Lee to invade Maryland and Pennlate; his trousers were not thrust into his boot- | sylvania. But, first, every military critic, it neatness and glast. His deep voice was low | could not very safely have been prevented,

of culture, and his bearing that of a gentleman. both armies relatively; and, second, that in a conversation, the Colonel congratulated him | wise measure to permit him to go as far away upon his recent election. "I neglected to tell from his base of supplies as possible, bevery pimsant, Colonei,"

Connie knew not what to say, "Probably a month," returned Uncle Hoke, | closing the war then and there. "Then I shall be obliged to take my seat in

of me later, for when my term of office expires | Meade rather than Gen. McClellan. But this I expect to dispose of my interests in the West | is what might have, and perhaps ought to have "Un built. How long has your man been and make my home in this city. I think Mr. followed as a legitimate result of the Gettys-Hicks can plan a house to suit my tastes, which | burg campaign, but which, for some cause, was | ones are more expensive, but do not get soiled | ready named, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. E. M. Do at times seem somewhat perverted by my resi- lost by the Army of the Potomac. But the ef- so easily. One of rose color, with rose scent in Leon, George C. Huribut, Douglas Shaden,

later she was alone with her husband. I do have cited, as being so disastrous, while it was not know what explanation Islam gave her, | not, in one sense, the personal achievement of of the mystery which puzzled her, for when he | mate result of the military judgment that perand Uncle Hoke were alone with each other, | mitted Gen. Lee to penetrate the North, and they shook hands heartily over something, was a distinctive feature of the Gettysburg And the crafty Islam G. executed a few steps | campaign, and is entitled to be studied in con-

"I ought to have been shot on the spot!" sald Uncle Hoke. "The ends justified the means," returned

A Good Excuse,

[Chicogo Tribune.]

Teacher-Have you any excuse for your tardiness this morning? Tommy Tucker-Yes'm. Paw and Maw was havin' a fight. I was waitin' to see which whipped.

Lovett's Guide to Horticulture for 1892,

We have received a copy of the handsome catalog which this firm is sending out. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, with lithographed cover, and illustrates and describes all That evening, when Uncle Hoke joined them | the leading varieties of small and orchard berry, Japanese wineberry, Lovett raspberry, Fuller quince, and Lincoln plum. The instruclittle charliy at first, and more beamingly as scrape," he said, cheerfully. "Ever see a tical and clearly stated, and, best of all, both illustrations and descriptions are accuratetruthful. The firm's honesty and reliability Isham feit sorry for poor little Connic, who is known throughout the whole country. The suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish of the girls" was embroidered in little pink looked a triffe pale as the vile tobacco smoke | catalog comprises 100 pages, and is mailed free | thindle and was pound and happy in a way filled the apartment, and seemed really half to all applicants, or with colored plates for 10 mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this home treatment free. No electric nonsense, no storment free. No electric nonsense, no pages, and is mailed tree you full directions for preparing and using. Sent by asters along the hem; one with a perky little you full particulars (sealed) of a reliable, unfailing to all applicants, or with stamp, naming this home treatment free. No electric nonsense, no storment drugging. Address J. T. Lovett Co., Little Silver, paper, W. A. Noves, and Is mailed tree.

GETTYSBURG v. VICKSBURG.

Both Campaigns Worthy of an Exhaustive Study. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Prof. Charles A. Hobbs's article, "Vanquishing Vicksburg," in your paper of Jan. 7, is certainly very commendable. Such logic and thought applied to a campaign makes its study both interesting and instructive. I venture the assertion that | there will be a pleasure in corroborating, and one will rarely find a private soldier in the | to the unmarried woman a pleasure in using ranks of any European army who is capable of the following, the latest ideas and figures on analyzing any given military movement. If war is a science, it does seem to me that the private, as well as the General, should have some knowledge of it. An army (entire) of West Point graduates ought surely to do better | those ages, but merely as a convenience in obfighting than recruit volunteers officered by graduates. Thus it is, as we think, that America can produce a stronger army than any other nation in the whole world.

As your readers will remember, I recently He bellowed and clumped all over the house. wrote an article upon the Gettysburg campaign, but it was by no means exhaustive; no, not even in the detail of the ground attempted to be covered, to wit, the objective or governing principle inciting to action by Gens. Lee and Meade. And now Prof. Hobbs's article makes it necessary or, perhaps, more pertinently, convenient for me to refer to another feature of the campaign that is, as a general rule, almost entirely overlooked-that is, its moral effects upon the vanquished army. It is clear to every thinking mind that I dare not to ask space to therefore must only mention the general bearings of this moral principle.

Every General who has commanded large volunteer forces will not fail to give this feaknow that a disheartened army is a very uncertain quantity. Patriotism is the leading cohesive element in a volunteer army, but this is not all of it. The intelligence of the entire army must be brought to bear, also, upon the Mr. Bradshaw did not quail. He didn't keer | subject of a fixed hope in ultimate success. An two whoops for the heathen, he informed the army pulsates as the different co-ordinate parts forming one human strugture. This sentiment "But, my dear sir, the heathen have not | will be moulded in spite of every obstacle, provided the army is kept in a condition to be

wielded by its commander, cause it is really beaten, but because it from some cause has come to believe that there is no hope of ultimate success. Who has not seen

impregnable forces? Here, again, comes to mind the fact, wellknown to every soldier that no good fighting can be done where the seldiers have lost confidence in their leader. Then, it seems to me, agents in solidifying and energizing an army are Patriotism and Hope. Destroy either one of these, and you cut the artery that by and by will cause the ultimate death of an individ-

ua army. But now to the question at issue: Lee's army was fairly beaten in an open field fight at Gettysburg. Pa., by which every hope of the one can deny that it had a tendency in that di-

we see, the Army of Northern Virginia met the Army of the Potomac right along afterward, So, then, there is a matter still behind the efthe expiration of 14 seconds. And Mrs. Dim- the Army of Northern Virginia. No sooner downtrodden women. mick screamed with horror and beat a retreat | was Lee safe from the dangers of this unfortunate campaign than we see him advising the Southern Confederacy "to sue for honordoomed. It is very true that the Vicksburg disaster had something to do in confirming his

sult her and assassinate the peace of his house- | the rank and file of Lee's army. Southern | ple it is very becoming. papers had kept their hopes brightened by publishing articles to the effect that the North was in straitened circumstances, as much so It was uscless for him to attempt any ex- as the South. The poor soldiers were thus dewas determined to go. She wished him joy of | paign opened their eyes to see plainly that these statements were absolutely false. They Poor little Connie was in tears. But it was | saw unmistakable evidence that our resources They saw, too, that our paper currency was al-

Now, the soldier's patric ism was not affected by these things, but his hope was destroyed. He says: "What is the use of further fighting, can plainly see in the end a certain defeat." So his hope being gone he not only makes

comes to its support again. In this respect the Gettysburg campaign is without an equal in the matter of breaking the and progressive men in his section of the West, | cut the jugular vein and let out the heart's Conule was sadly bewildered, and Isham was | forced to this one conclusion. As I have said, | the silk, emphasized the voice of the said Gettysburg

And now one word more and I am done, "Ah, yes," he said, when, after a space of military or strategic point of view it was a that Gen. Meade ought to have forced Lee to fight another battle at the Potomac River, * Shall you remain long in the city, Senator?" | where he had a very flattering opportunity of

It was the one grand opportunity of Meade's likely to crack, office. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks will pass the whole military life, Gen, McClellan was severely censured for not forcing Lee into an-"In the meantime, Senator, you are to be other battle after Antictam, and before he "Do not deny me, and we'll be boys together | assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that Gen. Meade's changes of success in this Thank you. You will probably get enough line were about four to one in favor of Gen. der between, tacked lightly together. Cover ong the savages; ch, Mrs. Hicks?" feet upon the morale of the rank and file of the The little woman was all in a flutter when | Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, as we but it was plain that he understood a good deal | the Army of the Potomae, yet it was the legitiof hilarious breakdown over the successful out- nection therewith .- J. E. WILLIAMS, Montezuma, Ind.

The Farmer's Pleasant Life. [Texas Siftings.] Boston Girl (to Uncle James)-Do you like

living on a farm? Uncle James-Yes, I like it very much. Boston Girl-I suppose you like it well enough in the grand Summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather Winter applus and harvest Winter wheat, I imagine, might be anything but pleasant.

> Philosophic Disrussion. [Indianopolis Journal.]

Hungry Higgins-Wa't do you think o' this idee that a man is put back on earth a second time; one style o' livin' evenin' up the other, Weary Watkins-Oh, I dunno. If there's

anything in it, I must 'a' done a heap of hard work when I was here before.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronbitis, Catarra, Asthma and nil Throat and Lung Nervous Debuity and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful carative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human it this recipe in German, French or English, with

THE "BETTER HALF." OPPRESSED BUT NEVERTHELESS AMIABLE

WOMAN. To woman, calm, reasoning, unprejudiced creature, there is a fascination in theories and dried. statistics concerning marriage. To the wife this subject. The statistician, an Englishman, fresh ones always, she will keep her old ones has taken the ages between 15 and 20, not to discourage any who may be above or under taining an average. The figures represent the chances out of 100 that a woman has at differ-

ent ages, under ordinary circumstances: Hetween 15 and 20 years..... Between 20 and 25 years..... Between 25 and 30 years..... Eetween 30 and 35 years.... Between 35 and 40 years Between 40 and 45 years..... Between 45 and 50 years..... Between 50 and 60 years...... 34 of 1

"Sweet Sixteen," the age that poets and omancers love, does not seem to have the opportunities that 20 or 25 brings, for the older maiden has more than half a chance, but if she discuss this by an exhaustive argument. I avail herself not of them at the time, her chances diminish rapidly, falling to the fraction of a chance after 45 is reached, and when she is 60 her only hope is one in a thousandture of the campaign its due weight, for they not much. Of course she may have unusual attractions-wealth, grace, amiability or talent -then she will be raised above the average, While there is life there is hope.

Further interesting facts, culled by Sir Francis Galton from 205 families, relate to the tempers of married folks. More than half of the wives were discovered to be sweet tempered and more than half of the men were cross. The cross husbands had, as a rule, good-natured wives, but To illustrate, an army often retreats, not be- the wives of the pleasant husbands did not all appreciate their spouses, for out of 46, 24 were fretful.

Generally, "of wives 26 per cent. are fretful, stroy his peace of mind. Let the heathen hus- fuse to move against what they believed to be | 13 per cent, are violent, and 6 per cent, masterful." This excellent Peer has interesting and complimentary figures-to the women; but how on earth do you suppose he found it all

There seems to be an unfairness, any way, about a girl's "chances." If she have money, grace, position, and is a kindly-hearted maiden withal, and young, too, her offers will probably not exceed 12-that is a generous figure. If she lacks any or all of these attractions, her Now man, why, he has thousands to choose Then Brother Ringling was filled with righteous indignation, and attacked Mr. Bradshaw
as the enemy of the gospel. He forgot his acstruction. But it was easy for each soldier to
say: "Yes, we have been defeated in this camand uses it. Queen Margaret of Scotland tried
paign, but we will only come at them again, to remedy this evil, it is said, by establishing Antietam was very nearly as disastrous to the Leap Year privilege. Any man who reto pay the disappointed applicant a fine of £100;

able terms of peace, and cease to shed the blood | popular color. To Louis XV. of France and his | rial renders it of interest to the reading public fancies. Madame DuBarry, his favorite, wore judgment, but the less of both Gettysburg ions, lamp shades, and china of that dainty color, and Vicksburg could, of themselves, never as well as to have a touch of it in our bonnets, and to wear gowns of pink. Everything pinkwell, pink is lovely in a room, and to some peo-

> Mrs. Lardlie, of Chicago, on being asked whether she believed in marrying for love, replied: "Oh, yes, once in awhile."

. . . The little soft silk waints are growing in favor, and to the girl who has to economize in clothes they are a delight. With a well-made dress skirt they can be worn at informal affairs, most as good as gold, while theirs was almost | and make pretty home dresses. The waists are gathered at the neck and belt, and are worn either inside or outside of the skirt, which- NEARLY LOST. A Novel By Annie M. Hucker. ever happens to be the most becoming. A pink And Isham G. took the little woman in his with the daily risk of losing my life, when we one is worn with a tan skirt, that also completed a street costume, was made with pink chiffon ruffles around the throat, down the front, and at the wrists of the full sleeves. A clear skinned blonde wore a red one that was just the shade of a Jacquimenot rose. The fulness was tucked with fine little tucks into a yoke, and the sleeves had deep cuffs of the tucks, and were caught in again above the el-

Lamps should be given a great deal of care, otherwise there will be an odor of coal oil and lamp smoke around them that is decidedly unpleasant. The part containing the oil should be emptied once a week, and rinsed out with a little fresh oil, and everything that can be sepand well modulated, his language that of a man | considering the positions and movements of | arated from the wick should be washed in hot soap suds, the burner especially. The oil should be rubbed from the outside, the wick trimmed or the charred part rubbed off with a little cleaning the chimneys, rubbing them with it and then polishing. This does not seem to a plain, business-like, but very readable and utterly destroying Lee's entire army and thus | make them so bright as soap and water, but it | clear, account of the mine, and the full illusis said that chimneys treated this way are not | tration accompanying makes it most satisfac-

Sachets for bureau drawers are nice, and can be made of either cheese-cloth or silk. The descriptive and reminiscent paper upon Hisfoundation for either kind is the same-two toric Hannts and Homes in New York, by layers of thin cotton batting, with scent pow- "Felix Oldboy" (the late Col. John F. Mines), with cheese-cloth of any dainty color, and tuft lightly with embroidery silk. The India silk contributors, including, besides the two alit, and tufted with little bows of pink ribbon, would be pretty; or a white one, with lavender bows and old-fashioned lavender perfume. One neat housekeeper makes them of butcher's now published as a quarterly, and retains all linen, daintily embroidered. She makes the covers open at the ends, so that they may be slipped off and washed, and then put back again. She fastens the ends by means of No. New York at five cents a copy, 20 cents a year. 1 ribbon run through little eyelets.

0 0 There are 40 women doctors in India. To the native women this means a great boon, for no men are allowed in the zenana, their apartments, and they have to depend on women for medical aid. Miss Jagannadhan, a native Hindoo woman, has been educated as a physician. She studied in the Edinburg School of Medicine | Boston, Price 25 cents. for Women, and has obtained a diploma from the Scottish colleges. On leaving the school she spent a year in the Edinburg Hospital for Women and Children. She has gone to India ful to the young folks. Published by the Cento act as a medical missionary among her own | tnry Publishing Co., New York. people, and is at present filling a temporary vacancy in the hospital at Bombay, of which Dr. Edith Pechey-Phipson is the chief,

8 9 White-dotted mull embroidered with daisies curtains, and covers, and deft fingers can fash- cents a number, or \$1 a year. ion it into many uses. Mull with dots quite far apart is the best. If the flowers seem too voted to philanthropic work among the Indians close to work every one, skip one or two. and other residents of the Territory. It costs Affections; also a positive and radical cure for White daisies with yellow centers, yellow ones | 20 cents a year. Specimen copies are sent free. with brown centers, asters, pink, pale-blue or layender, all can be used. An apron for "one cents. Address J. T. Lovett Co., Little Silver, paper, W. A. Noves, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, were scattered on the side opposite, and

a posy or two on the white strings. Some make the strings, too, of ribbon to match the flowers, but they are not quite so dainty as the white ties. The embroidery should be done in wash silk, so that the apron can be laun-

There is a saying that a lady always, no matter what her circumstances, wears neat gloves and shoes. If she cannot afford to buy in good condition. Gloves are peculiarly tryng, and need so much attention. In buying, buy the best that you can; they will wear longer and better than cheaper qualities. For dress occasions the long-wristed ones of undressed kid are worn, and for other occasions a more serviceable kind, pigskin, chamois, or some heavy stuff. In putting on a glove, particularly a new one, work at it slowly, drawing on the fingers first and then slipping in the thumb, and gently working the glove down over the wrist. Button the middle button first, then those below, and lastly the top one. Do not button be gloves until both are on the hands, and use s hairpin or a buttoner in preference to the fugers. In taking the gloves off loosen the flagor-tips, turn the wrist over the hand and pull off, drawing the fingers off at the same time. Turn the gloves and put in a flat box or case. Use the French glove cotton for mend ing. It comes in braided strands, of all shades, is not expensive, and can be found at any of the large stores. To patch an undressed kid, longwristed glove, cut a little piece from the top and use it. Its absence will never be noticed, nor its presence under the hole if it is neatly

Boots require attention as well as gloves, and the same rule as to buying holds good. When you remove them wipe the dust from them and put away carefully, letting them air well first. If they are wet, rub a little vaseline into the leather and they will not get stiff. Do not rub them with vaseline just before going out on a dusty day, for the grease catches every bit of the dust

ELSIE POMEROY McELROY.

RECENT LITERATURE. MARCHENSTRAUZ AUS DEM WEISZEN GE-

BIRGE. By C. A. Kochler. Published by P. L. Schriftgieszer & Co., 27 Beach street, Boston. Mr. Koehler has been in the habit of spendng his vacation in the White Mountains, and essing all that enthusiasm for scenic beauty that characterizes the German, has endeavchances will be less -- sometimes a dozen less. ored in this little book to reproduce some of the more vivid of his memories. An allegorical form has been chosen and gnomes and giants, brave youths and beauteous ladies, and all the

> Sayings and Homely Advice. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brox., Philadelphia, Price 25 cents.

On Feb. 12 occurred the 83d anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. In the issue a good round sum it was. That this is not the of Harper's Weekly far the 13th inst., especial disastrous to the cause of the Confederacy and | that Leap Year is rarely taken advantage of by | cation of a paper on the "Ancestry and Early Years of Abraham Lincoln," especially prepared by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, the wellknown historical writer. The article is of Pink is, and will be for awhile, the most | great value, and the presentation of new mateat large, as well as to students of American history, whether in schools or learned societies. It covers the period of Abraham Lincoln's life rose color and soon had all of the court ladies to the time of his departure for Washington, copying her. Nowadays we want curtains, cush- giving picturesque details of his early years. There are 18 accompanying illustrations, which increase the importance of this contribution to

> DREAMS OF THE DEAD. By Edward Stanton, Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price 50 EOUND NOT BLESSED. A Novel. By A. Lindany MacGregor, author of "John Ward's Govern-ess." Published by G. W. Dillingham, New

the biography of the great President.

York. Price 50 cents, WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? A Novel. By Richard B. Kimball. Published by G. W. Dillingham New York. Price 50 cents. WHAT IT COST; OR, DEBTOR AND CREDI-TOR. A Novel. By F. and I. E. Sullivan. Illustrated. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price

50 cents. THE SCALP HUNTERS. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. Price 15 cents.

Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York, Price 25 cents. DELSARTEAN PHYSICAL CULTURE. By Carrica LeFavre. Published by Fowler & Weils, New York, Price 25 cents.

Magazines and Notes-In the February number of Babyhood Dr. Wm. H. Flint discusses the dislikes of children to certain articles of food, and the means of overcoming such antipathies. Of equal value to mothers is an article on colic, by Dr. C. L. Dodge, in which the causes, symptoms, and bow by them. At the fastening of the neck- | treatment of that common ailment are clearly every act of the South afterward, and you are band and at the silk belt were fluffy rosets of described. Two dollars per year. Address for sample copies the Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beekman street, New York,

Under the title Social Statistics of Cities, the March Popular Science Monthly will have a paper by Carroll D. Wright, comparing the area and population, and the cost of each Department of Public Works, in 50 cities of the United States. The comparison contradicts some prevailing opinions as to what cities have the most ex-

pensive governments. The new famous tin ledges of San Jacinto, in the Temescal Mountains in San Bernardino County, Cal., are now for the first time thoroughly and authoritatively shown forth in Judge Knight's article in the February Overstick whenever the lamp is filled, which should | land Monthly. It is based on confidential figures by the managers of the mine, and upon personal examination on the spot. The article is tory and valuable. Published at San Francisco. Price 25 cents a copy.

Richard J. Hinton's finely-illustrated paper on the great Colorado Desert, and a delightful are the leading features of Frank Leatie's Popufor Monthly for February. This Midwinter number has an exceptionally brilliant list of Louis Engel, A. L. Rawson, David Kerr, Etta W. Pierce, Lucy H. Hooper, Joel Benton, J. Carter Beard, and Capt. W. W. Webb. The favorite old Jenness Miller Magazine i

and is handsomely illustrated, and contains a great deal of very good matter. Published at The New England Magazine for February contains, as usual, a great deal of interesting matter. The leading article is on the life and works of Corot, finely illustrated with pictures of the great artist and of his paintings. The ontispieco represents him in his studio. ome of the other articles are Stories of Salem Witcheraft, The Granite Industry in New Engand, A Witch of Shawnshine, and other stories, Published by the New England Magazine Co.,

its old features which made it so acceptable to

the women folks. It is printed on fine paper

The St. Nicholas for Fabruary has an interestag article, Historic Dwarfs, with a portrait of Sir Jeffrey Hudson, besides the many prettilyletured stories and poems that are so delight-Life's Calendar for February is full of pure un and good illustrations. Published at 28 W. Twenty-third street, New York, Price 25

cents. Table Talk, the American authority on culinary and household topics. Published at 113 is a very simple and dainty material for aprons, | Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 10 John 3:16 is the name of a religious little paper published at Vinita, Ind. Ter., and de-

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